

The Tipling PHILOSOPHERS
GARLAND,

Beautified with several excellent

NEW SONGS.

- I. The Tipling Philosophers, set and sung by the famous Mr Leveridge.
- II. The Young Man's Dream.
- III. The Maid's Answer.
- IV. The Parson.



Licensed and entered according to order.

The Tipling Philosopher's Garland.



THE TIPLING PHILOSOPHERS.

DIOGENES surly and proud,
 Who snarled at the Macedon youth,
 Delighted in wine that was good,
 Because in good wine there is truth:
 But growing as poor as poor Job,
 Unable to purchase a flask,
 He chose for his mansion a tub,
 And liv'd by the scent of a ca—sk,
 And liv'd by the scent of a ca—sk.

Heraclitus would never deny,
 To tipple and cherish and heart,
 And when he was maudlin, he'd cry,
 Because he'd empty'd his quart.
 Tho' some was so foolish to think,
 He wept at man's follies and vice,
 It was only his fashion to drink,
 Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad,
 Of liquor, to cheer up his soul,
 And would laugh like a man that is mad,
 When over a good flowing bowl.

As long as his cellar was stored,
 The liquor he'd merrily quaff,
 And when he was drunk as a lord,
 At those who were sober he'd laugh.

Copernicus took like the rest,
 Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
 And thought that a cup of the best,
 Made reason the better to shine.
 With wine he'd replenish his veins,
 And make his Philosophy reel,
 Then fancy'd the world like his brains,
 Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

Aristotle that Master of Arts,
 Had been but a dunce without wine,
 And what we ascribe to his parts,
 Is the due to the juice of the vine.
 His belly most writers agree,
 Was as big as a watering trough,
 He therefore leap'd into the sea,
 Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old Plato that learned divine,
 He fondly to wisdom was prone,
 But had it not been for good wine,
 His merits we never had known,
 By wine we are generous made,
 It furnishes fancy with wings,
 Without it we ne'er should have had,
 Philosophers, poets, or kings.

THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM.

ONE night I dream'd I lay most easy,
 Down by a murmuring river side,
 Where lovely banks were spread with dafies,
 And the streams did gently glide.
 It is all around me and quite over,
 Spreading branches were display'd,
 Till interwoven in due order,
 Soon became a pleasant shade.

The sudden rapture of delusion,
 Lull'd with slumber and sweet ease,
 I thought I saw my lovely Susan,
 Through the green and bloomy trees.
 The moon gave light I could discern,
 How my goddess mov'd along,
 Attended by each killing charm,
 Whilst the fair one sweetly sung.

You friendly shades of night convey me,
 To Adonis my only joy,
 You gods and goddesses, pray guide me,
 To that dear and darling boy.
 You noisy winds give over blowing,
 Cease awhile, that I may hear,
 If sweet Adonis be a roving,
 In the groves and vallies near.

Then she sat down and tun'd her spinnet,
 Which made the vallies echo round,

Which wak'd the early lark and linnet,
 With their concert tunes they sung,
 Here I am dearest, my due caresses,
 Whilst her hair hang dangling down;
 Her milk-white breast was almost naked,
 Which might engage a Monarch's crown.

Then I fancied she drew near me,
 With a blooming melting air;
 She by her countenance seem'd to fear me,
 And soon repented that she came there;
 Then I arose and gently seiz'd her,
 And in my arms I did her convey,
 With a willing mind I thought to please her,
 In the harbour where she lay

I thought I saw my lovely creature,
 Look upon me with disdain,
 And she seem'd to view every feature,
 I fear'd my labour was all in vain:
 Then I said, Is this my Susan?
 She nothing said but stood a while;
 Then I was fill'd with confusion,
 She would not on me bestow a smile.

She soon recover'd her senses, and said, Sir,
 O will you kill me, I am undone!
 O will you smother a harmless maid, Sir,
 Pray let me go, I must be gone:
 Then in my arms with amorous kisses,
 I caressed my sobbing dame,
 And at the height of all these blisses,
 I wak'd and found it was a dream.

The Maid's Answer.

THE very night this young man dreamed,
 The lovely fair maid she did the same;
 But as soon as she awaked,

She against Morpheus did complain:
 Crying out, you have deceiv'd me,
 Where is my dear, I did now see?
 Alas! you of all my joys bereave me,
 Unless you bring him speedily.

My dearest Johnny, pray leave off weeping,
 In telling me of your rival dreams;
 You say each night you are kept from sleep,
 And that you're burning in loves sweet flames
 But now you see I am become your Susan,
 For to ease your love-sick smart,
 And no longer I will be cruel,
 But to you I'll resign my heart.

Then she soon pursued her journey,
 Down by a murmuring river-side,
 Where little fishes they were sporting,
 And silver streams did gently glide:
 Then she seiz'd him in her arms,
 With kisses sweet did him caress:
 Saying, My Dear, we are happy born;
 And in true love we are surely blest.

My dearest Johnny do not be a rover,
 In the groves and vallies here,
 I am come to make you recover,
 And to ease you of all your care.

Dear, you see, I am come to nourish,
 And to cherish your wounded heart,
 Now no longer I will be cruel,
 Nor from you I ne'er will part.

THE PARSON.

A Parson who had the remarkable foible,
 Of minding the Bottle much more than the bible,
 Was deem'd by his neighbours to be less perplex'd,
 In handling a tankard than handling a text.

Perch'd up in his pulpit, one Sunday, he cry'd,
 Take patience, my dearly beloved, your guide
 And in your distresses, your troubles, and crosses,
 Remember the patience of Job in his losses.

The Parson had got a stout cask of strong beer,
 By way of a present—no matter from where—
 Suffice it to know, it was toothsome and good,
 And he lov'd it as well as he did his own blood.

While he the church service in haste rambled o'er,
 The hogs found a way thro' his old cellar door,
 And by the strong scent to the beer-barrel led,
 Had knock'd out the spigot or cock from its head.

Out spouted the liquor abroad on the ground,
 The unbidden guests quaff'd it merrily round,
 For from their diversion and merriment ceas'd,
 Till ev'ry hog there was as drunk as a beast.

And now the grave lecture and pray'rs at an end,
 He brings along with him a neighbouring friend,
 To be a partaker of Sunday's good cheer,
 And taste his delightful October brew'd beer.

The dinner was ready, the things were laid snug,
Here, wife, says the Parson, go fetch us a mug,
But a mug of what?—he had scarce time to tell her,
When, yonder, says she, are the hogs in the cellar.

To be sure they got in when we we're at pray'r,
To be sure you're a fool, said he, get you down stairs,
And bring what I bid you, or see what's the matter,
For now I myself hear a grunting and clatter.

She went, and returned with sorrowful face,
In suitable phrases related the case,
He ran'd like a madman about in the room,
And then beat his wife and the hogs with the broom.

Lord, husband, said she, what a coil you keep here,
About a poor beggarly barrel of beer,
You should, *"in your troubles, mischances, and crosses,
Remember the patience of Job in his losses."*

A pox upon Job, cry'd the Priest in a rage,
That beer, I dare say, was near ten years of age,
But you're a poor ignorant jade like his wife,
For Job never had such a cask in his life.

Now neighbour, while at the poor vicar you grin,
Your case, let me tell you's not better a pin,
With goodness and wisdom—your theory back'd is,
But you're ten to one—knave and fool in the practice.

Whoever you are, I'll be sworn you're no saint,
Would you mend then yourself with your failings acquaint
These conquer, and then give advice if you chuse,
For who'd give you thanks for the thing you can't use,

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